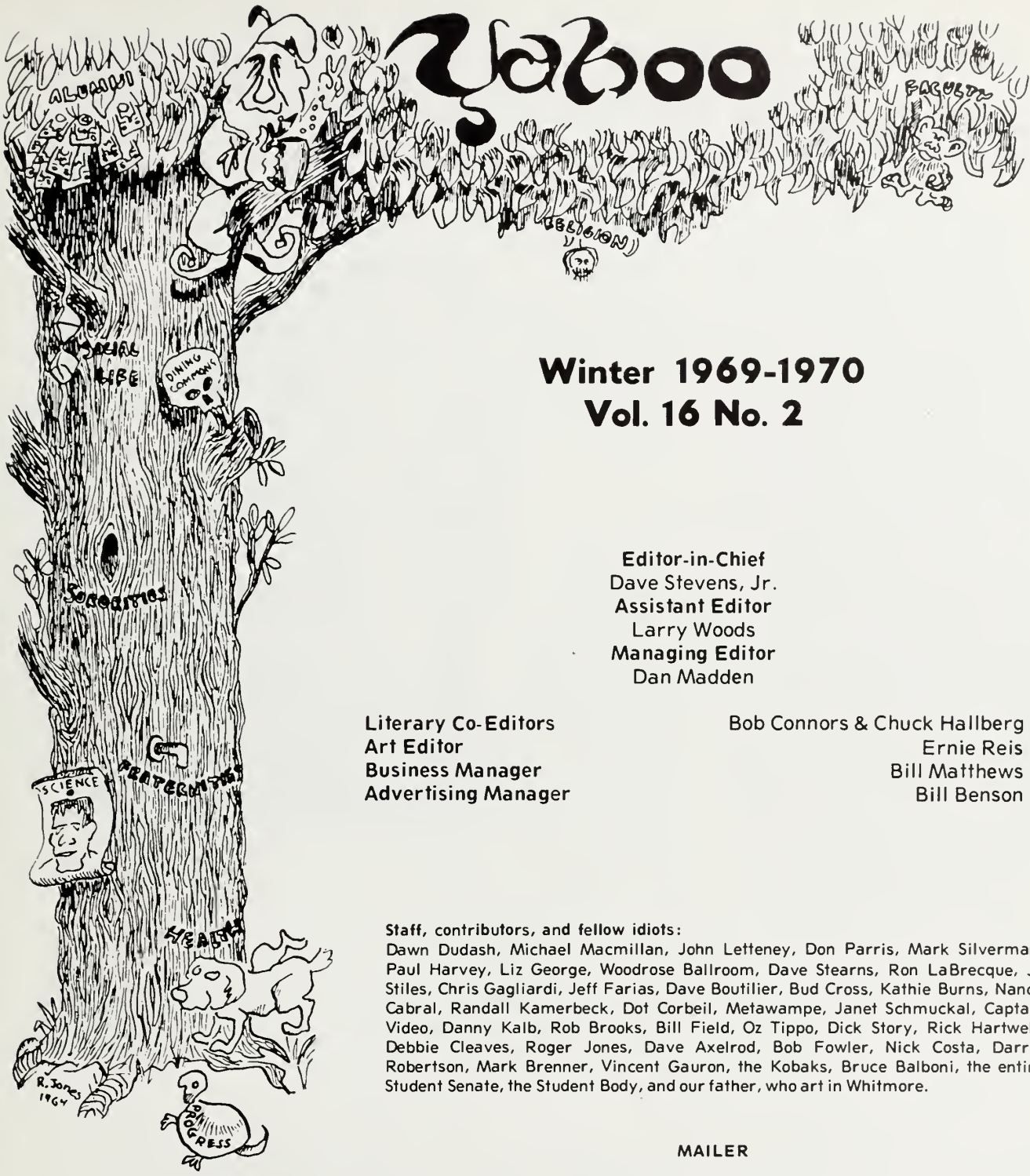


# Bah

Bah, humbug!







## Winter 1969-1970 Vol. 16 No. 2

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**Assistant Editor**  
Larry Woods  
**Managing Editor**  
Dan Madden

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**Art Editor**  
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### MAILER

No, this is nothing to do with Norman Mailer. Instead, here, we attempt to inform you of those guides and credos by which we endeavor to outline our policies and dogmas governing those rules to which we strive to maintain. In order to do this, first, we relate to you that we are entered as third class matter in the Amherst Post Office which is one of the largest businesses in the country, second only to crime. You ask, what does this have to do with our credo. Hah! It is now we tell you that YAHOO is the humor magazine of Massachusetts Agricultural College (Moo!) and the fact we are still around pisses a lot of people off. But, what relation does this bear. Perhaps it would be well to say that we come 4 times a year. So does the magazine. And subscriptions are \$2.00. So what, you say. So what if your address is RSO 106, Student Union, UMass., Amherst, Mass. 01002. What Indeed!  
Copyright 1970, YAHOO

Front Cover Collage by Yushnik

Back Cover Photo by Bud Cross

# Mass Hysteria

Golly, it's great to be back again with new material perverting all the innocent minds of the Metawampe Kindergarten! And it feels good to be a student again, taking relevant courses like German Grammer, metaphysical poetry, beri-beri, ecology of the Gaspe Peninsula 101, bird life in Tierra del Fuego, the effects of roaches on the human digestive tract, and other courses that boldly confront the urgent problems facing all of mankind. Yes, we here at Metawampe Kindergarten have good reason to feel privileged. We stride swiftly toward a new and better world on the biggest budget ever—a whopping thirty-seven and one-half cents! And, furthermore, at the end of this year, the State—bless its pointed little head—will at long last stop bringing political pressure to bear on our President, John Leaderless (who is, one must admit, one hell of a lot better than Nixon). The medical school, situated in nearby Pago-Pago, looks like it might begin to get underway soon (a target date of 1984 has been set). A new student building—the Campus Center—will open (we have been assured by the Student Union Management) in March of 1970. In the brand new, multi-million dollar, student owned building, students will be allowed on at least three and maybe even four floors. And Joel Hamstone, who brought you "Dining Commons" and the special feature "Mandatory Meal Ticket", is working on another film called "Sweet Ptomaine."

But, best of all, YAHOO is back! And we'd like to thank all those whose efforts contributed to our resurrection. The list is long, including students, administrators, and trustees; which despite disagreements and mistakes on both sides, has shown us that there are a good number of real people among the trustees and administrators of this University, who can actually—believe it or not—be talked to rationally. But (John Lederle, Oz Tippe, Bill Field, and Rob Brooks take notice) we assure you that we will not let anyone on this campus become immune to our barbs.

Peace and love,  
The Editors



**FRIENDS! FELLOW AMERICANS!**

**DO YOU WANT TO BE WHERE THE ACTION IS? DO YOU WANT TO BE IN WITH THE IN CROWD? THEN DO WHAT ALL YOUR FRIENDS ARE DOING! JOIN THAT GREAT NEW PATRIOTIC CLUB:**

**THE YOUTH FOR NIXON**

**FOR THE SMALL FEE OF \$10, YOU GET ALL THIS:  
AN OFFICIAL NIXON YOUTH KHAKI UNIFORM  
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**JOIN TODAY! JOIN THE CROWD! JOIN THE NIXON YOUTH!  
GOD BLESS AMERICA!**

—Bob Connors



# SUNSET AT THE LBT RANCH



END

## An Interview With John Lederle

Mr. Lederle, as you may already know, is the President of the University of Massachusetts, one of this country's fastest growing job-training centers. Year after year it turns out literally thousands of potential middle class suburbanites who quickly melt into euphoric anonymity within the bountiful military-industrial complex that has made our country great. Mr. Lederle occasionally questions the validity of such "production-line" education, but fortunately he usually concurs with the State Legislature and nothing is done.

Mr. Lederle has often been called "The Phantom", because he is so seldom seen. Perhaps that is why we did not see him at any time during this interview. In any case, Mr. Lederle has announced his intended resignation, and we were interested in what he had to say about this extraordinary decision.

YAHOO: Is it true that you intend to resign from the Presidency of the University?  
LEDERLE: Yes, it is.

YAHOO: Thank you. Why?

LEDERLE: For many reasons.

YAHOO: For example?

LEDERLE: Try to guess.

YAHOO: Would you be resigning because of the budget?

LEDERLE: I might be, if we had a budget. In all seriousness, the fact that the University will have a budget of forty-seven cents does have a great deal to do with it. I might add that in truth, I am resigning mainly because it is



"Try to guess."

the "in" thing to do among UMass administrators.

YAHOO: You're kidding.

LEDERLE: I'm not really sure.

YAHOO: Did the fact that Yahoo has returned have any bearing on your resignation?

LEDERLE: To tell the truth, I'd have to say yes. I intend to join the staff, since you people are the only ones who can reach the legislature. I thought of doing an anti-legislature cartoon that would make the

headlines. Think of the publicity! You people made more headlines with "Shazam!" than the Beatles did when they claimed to be more popular than Christ. And it wouldn't look good if I were still President.

YAHOO: Done!

LEDERLE: Gosh, fellas. . .



... WHO, IN THE GUISE  
OF MILD-MANNERED...

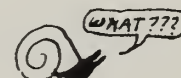
:-: :-: :-:

The first Polish space shot was ready to go. The two astronauts looked prepared, and answered questions from newsmen prior to their departure. "What is your target?" asked one inquisitive newsmen. "The sun," replied the Polish astronauts. "But you'll be burned to a crisp," came the astonished reply. "We've figured out a way to avoid that," said one of the astronauts, "we're going at night!"



Q.: What do you call a Hell's Angel and his girlfriend?

A: Cyclamates!



Death can be FUN! See you  
Army recruiter NOW!

Yahoo Magazine January 1970



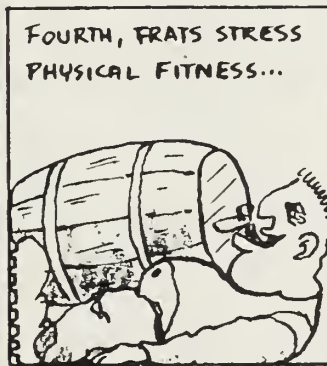
"Yes."

YAHOO: May we ask why?

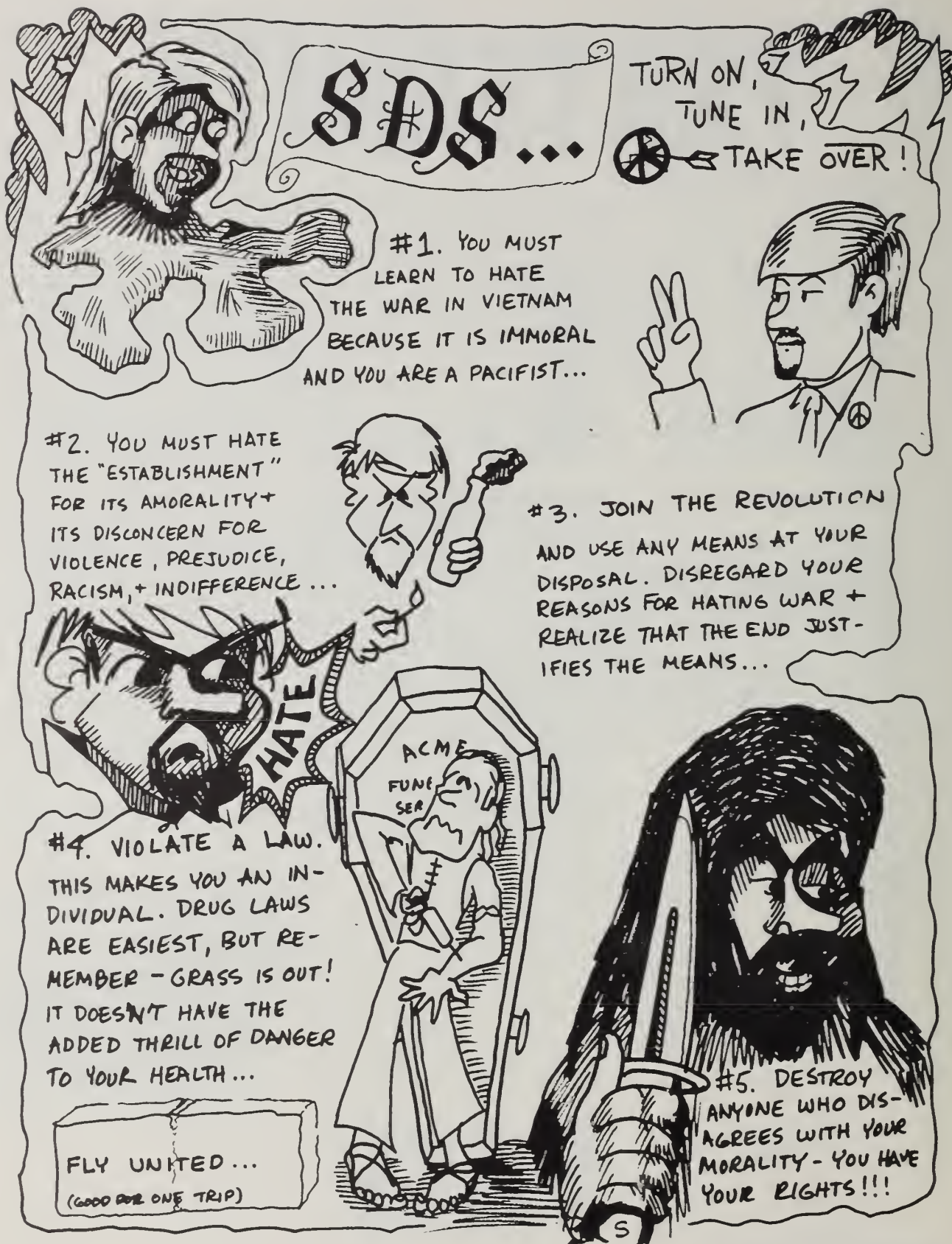
LEDERLE: Yes, you may.



# FRATERNITY



# PAGE





# Irving and the Sheik

By Vincent Gauron

We understand that soon the DPW and the VFW will merge to form the Department of Public Wars.

-- -- --

Today is the first day of the rest of your life.

Irving Waters muttered some German into his taperecorder, snapped it off and gazed vacantly at the wall thinking of Priscilla. His roommate with all these girls and he couldn't even hold on to one. What made that guy so special anyhow? What?

"What makes that guy so special, Irving?"

Irving Waters jumped an inch and turned around. A costumed man stood before him in Arabian headdress and matching pink pantaloons. He also sported a red cape and a whip tucked neatly into his braided belt.

"Who are you?" Waters blurted. "How did you get in here?"

"You don't recognize me?", the man asked haughtily. "My name," he said, folding his arms and throwing back his head, "is Rudolph Valentino." Waters said nothing, snapped on his recorder and quietly began speaking. "I have just been visited by the spirit of Rudolph Valentino." He paused a moment in reflection. "Why me?" "Why not you?" Valentino asked, grinning, "you do have trouble with girls, don't you? Well, I've been sent here to help give you sex appeal."

A look of victory suddenly swept across Water's face. "What if you're some drunk who crept in here?"

Valentino smiled almost sadly. "You mean you still don't think I'm Rudolph Valentino?" Waters nodded.

The man laughed softly. "Then watch."

He raised his arms above his head and slowly began snapping his fingers; he started kicking at the floor in a slow tango beat, simultaneously withdrawing the whip from his belt. His feet quickened along with the snap of his wrist, his long whip cracking against the walls. His feet were savagely thrashing at the floor now in a frenzy. Fast. Faster. Somehow more fast. He screamed suddenly and fell to the floor gasping and heaving.

"Now do you believe me?" he wheezed.

Irving Waters looked down at him in awed disbelief. "What

(continued on page 12)



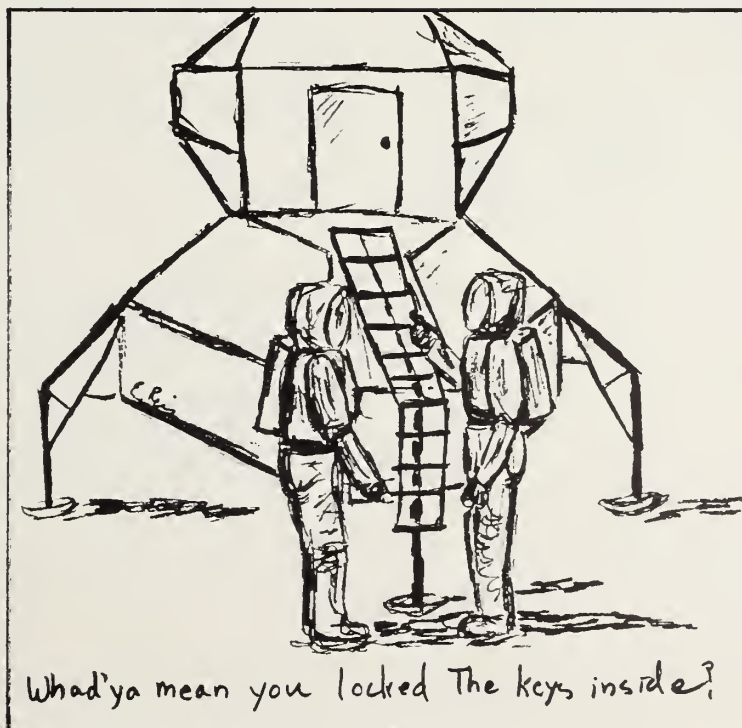
A pound of flesh is better than no flesh at all.

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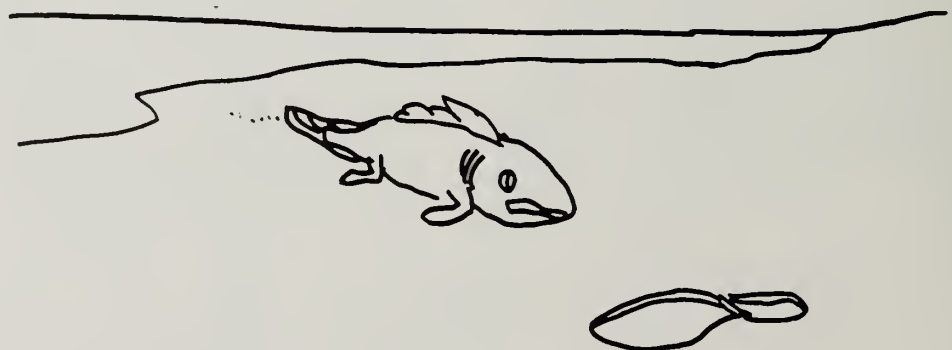
"Trip the light fantastic" does not mean "freak-out at the lightshow."



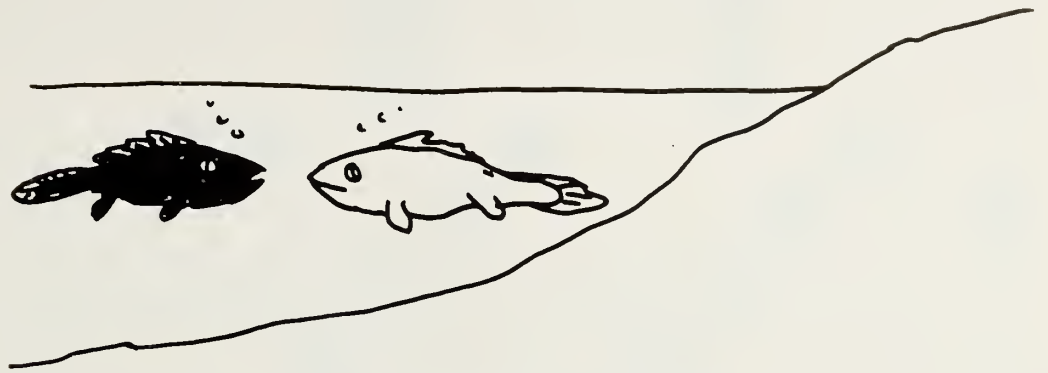
hyuk hyuk hyuk hyuk hyuk  
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hyuk hyuk hyuk hyuk hyuk



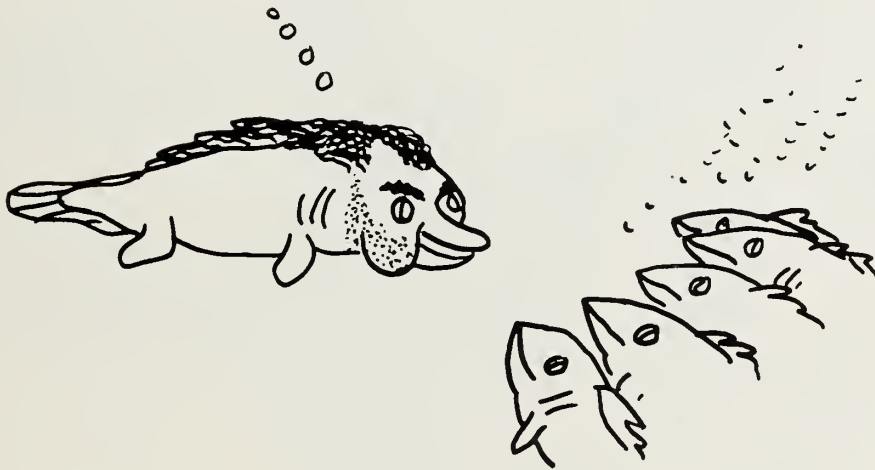
YAHOO agrees that the race for space and the recent moon shots are milestones in man's history; but we are forced to ask, "Are they (the concepts) original?" YAHOO therefore takes you back beyond the time when men were monkeys to throw some light on this puzzling question.







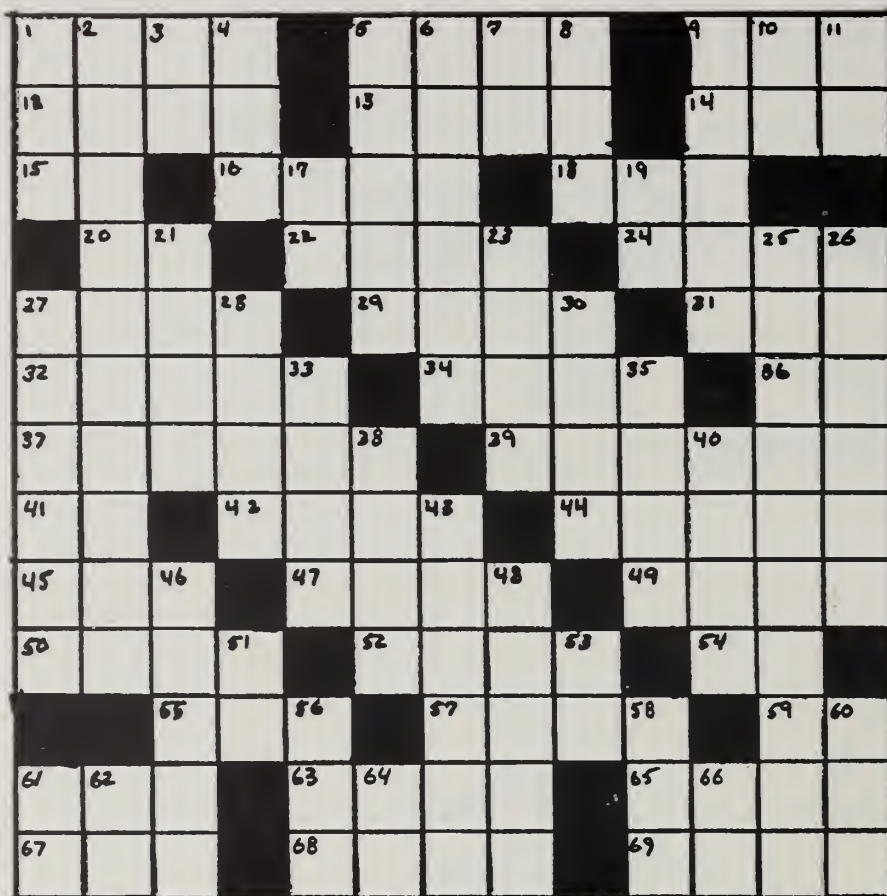
"well, of course it's a great thing, but..."



"....and all of us, back here at sea..."

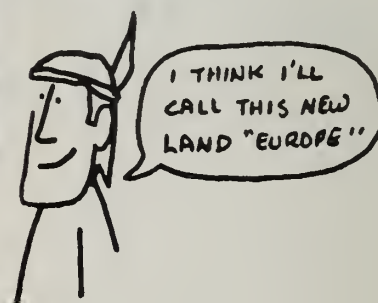


"One small step for fish... one giant leap for fishkind..."



36. Not Applicable (abbr.)  
 37. \_\_\_\_\_Hoffman  
 39. Friend's crotch  
 41. Comparative ending  
 42. Looks like candy but it's \_\_\_\_\_  
 44. Burnt bread  
 45. Napoleon Nathan Niblets (init.)  
 47. Foot-fingers  
 49. Bicycle (slang)  
 50. Easy course  
 52. Appelation  
 54. Symbol for Nickel  
 55. What sex is  
 57. Polliwog  
 59. Radio signal (abbr.)  
 61. Mickey Mouse's father  
 63. Cain's brother  
 65. Above baritone  
 67. Some  
 68. Before  
 69. Church service

(Editor's note: the solution to this puzzle—there is one, really—may be obtained by coming to the YAHOO Office in the Student "Union" with hat in hand, tongue in cheek, and fifty cents in pocket.)



There is always the possibility of intelligent life in our solar system, but we're sure it's not here!

:- :- :-

Superfluouity is not necessary in this day and age.

:- :- :-



# DOWN

1. Play  
 2. Men's Dorm  
 3. First note  
 4. Jacket  
 5. Combat Doctor  
 6. Set fires (Plural)  
 7. Title  
 8. Cushion  
 9. Receiver  
 10. Ego, super-ego, \_\_\_\_\_  
 11. Nixon's speech (init)  
 17. Title  
 19. Symbol for Aluminum  
 21. Debutantes (slang)  
 23. Marriage  
 25. Lens cover (hee-hee)  
 26. Fraternities (2 words)  
 27. Sincere  
 28. Specs  
 30. Fight  
 33. Color  
 35. Sorority girl  
 37. Usually in fender  
 38. Time to get up  
 40. Conceited  
 43. Van Meter girls  
 46. Mean  
 48. Had an odor  
 51. Note os scale

53. Electrical Engineer (abbr.)  
 56. Short sleep  
 58. Stop  
 60. Distress signal  
 61. Regular Army (abbr.)  
 62. Indefinite art.  
 64. Bachelor's Degree  
 66. State (abbr.)

# ACROSS

1. Bi-sexual  
 5. Freshman need  
 9. Chest bone  
 12. Cut  
 13. Makes mistake  
 14. Paid announcements  
 15. Teaching Assistant (abbr.)  
 16. Chances  
 18. Opposite of happy  
 20. Doctor of Divinity (abbr.)  
 22. Civil disturbance  
 24. Peru capital  
 27. Co-ed's love  
 29. Canada National Rail Service (abbr.)  
 31. Office of Internal Welfare (abbr.)  
 32. Mechanical man  
 34. Frat men



# CHEESEFISH COMIX



...TO BE CONTINUED

(continued from page 7)

are you, some kind of a nut?"

"Mama Mia!" Valentino yelled, "I come here to help you and you call me everything from a drunk to a nut. Is that gratitude?"

Waters shrugged his shoulders. "Well, what have you done to prove yourself?"

"Listen," Valentino said impatiently, "I can't do anything for you until I get some background material on you. Before I can give you a personalized technique for handling women, I have to know your personality."

"All right," Waters said grudgingly. "I guess in my existing state I'm in no condition to refuse anything. What is it you want to know?"

"Tell me," whispered Valentino, "do you suppose you could tell me about your earliest experiences with the opposite sex, and sort of work your way up to the present?"

"I'll try," Waters answered.

"Good," said Valentino, sitting himself down next to Waters' lunch on the sofa. "Now think hard."

Waters' eyes darted upward in concentration. "Actually I guess my first significant experience with the opposite sex was in kindergarten. I had a crush on this blonde who sat next to me in fingerpainting. I could tell she liked me because she would throw fingerpaint at everybody in the class except me. One day she invited me to sit down next to her and paint. She had on a new white dress. I remember that. Everything was going good until I accidentally dropped some paint on her lap. She screamed, dumped all her fingerpaints on me, and ruthlessly made designs all over my body. After that, we never painted together."

"Go on, Irving," said Valentino, munching on an apple, "this is interesting."

"A couple years later I was spending the summer at the beach with my parents when I got a crush on the girl next door. She was two years older than me, dark, and sultry. We built sandcastles together and always walked down to the roller coaster holding hands. At this period of my life I identified with Hercules. I used to try and impress her by tying ropes onto the columns of our porch and then struggle to pull down the cottage. One day when I was out for my daily swim I saw her standing next to her beach towel, kissing a boy. I jealously ran up to them planning to kick him away like Hercules. I was only inches away from him when I stepped onto her beach towel and fell screaming into a hole. I can still see them pointing down at me, laughing. She whispered into his ear and suddenly they started throwing in sand, until I was up to my neck. They ran away giggling and holding hands. The lifeguard told me I was the only person he had ever rescued on dry land."

"I think I am beginning to get a glimpse of your problem," said Valentino, "but please go on."

"If you really want me to," said Waters. "What next comes to mind is my love tragedy of the sixth grade. This is a landmark in my life. I fell madly in love with my basketweaving teacher, Miss Larson. I used to always dream that I'd dash up to her on a milk-white steed, clad only in a loincloth, and rescue her from a falling tree. I still remember the day she got married. She invited the whole class to her wedding. She chose me as ringbearer. Later on at the reception when nobody was looking I snuck out and planted

four tacks under their tires. For some reason they had a blowout on the way to Niagra. They spent their honeymoon in Beaverbrook, New York."

"Continue," Valentino said, reaching for another apple.

"I remember my next attempt at finding true love came in high school. She was a hippy girl who didn't believe in reality. In fact, on our third date out she proved I didn't exist. We soon broke up. She called me insignificant. She eventually quit school and married a lifer in San Quentin who got sent up selling bottles of air at extravagant prices. I still send her a poison pen letter every Christmas."

"Keep on going," said Valentino encouragingly.

"I started running away from sex. It became a horrible trauma with me. I even gave up a trip to Switzerland, I won in a cereal contest, fearing the sexual symbolism of the Matterhorn. When I arrived here at State University though, I somehow managed to pull myself together and started dating again. My roommate even helped me get fixed up with a blind date. Her name was Mary Anne Magnolia and it turned out to be a terrible blow to my ego. She was a real snob and had aristocratic tendencies; in fact, she boasted how her father made headlines last Patriot's Day, passing out statues of King George. What a slow night! However, before we parted she made me a handsome offer. She explained how her father owned one of the few remaining cotton plantations in Massachusetts and guaranteed me a job as sharecropper. She promised me that if I was seriousminded and worked my

(continued on page 24)





"YES, THAT'S RIGHT. THE PERMIT FOR  
THE PEACE PARADE WAS NOT GRANTED  
DUE TO THREAT OF VIOLENCE..."





*IT'S ALL IN YOUR MIND*

# Would you believe...

.. The following document was actually prepared in Whitmore, and is reprinted without having been edited in any manner. We feel none is necessary.

## CONVENTIONS

Room type	Bldg. No.	Room No.	Name of Room	Area
110	③ 137	0157	Seminar	360
②	① 138	0158	④ Seminar office	420
	253	⑤ 0159	Library	1600
	710			
	↓			
210	714			
	716			
	↓			

1. An arrow drawn to the left of the building number indicates doubt as to the existence of the room.
2. A check to the left of the arrow indicates that the doubt had been clarified by speaking to the dept. rep.
3. A line drawn through the row (horizontal) means that the room in question does not exist.
4. A line drawn through the "name of room" and a new designation to the right (i.e. - "office") indicates that the room number, bldg. number, and area are correct but that the function of the room has changed.
5. "G" is the abbreviation for grad. student. "Gd. std." is also used to abbreviate grad. student. "2-G" means that 2 graduate students occupy a room.
6. "S" is the abbreviation for secretary. "3-S" means that 3 secretaries occupy a room.
6. A rectangular box drawn around a horizontal row indicates that the room in question belongs to another dept. Such information is obtained from the representative of the dept. being updated in the survey.

## Epitaph to a Necrophiliac

(in a broad sense)

This is the famous butt-  
wiser bier (we know of)  
No broad  
prodded by any other  
Screwher! (e tschlitiz)  
Which costs so much to  
catch'n cage our x  
cluesive breach-engaging process  
Reproduces  
a taste, a smooth nest a

sink  
inability

You will find no other bier  
(at any price)  
Blessits

lit-tle point-ed

head.

—Christopher Bruce

WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF:  
Spiro Agnew said something  
that made sense?

You found out that the Yahoo  
staff actually called themselves  
sane?

You met an intelligent cop?

A day went by without  
someone from SDS handing you  
a sheet as you walked by?

You saw Lief Erikson sailing  
on the campus pond?

There was an empty seat at  
Mike's?

They ran out of pretzels at the  
Pub?

You found out that your  
roommate was a transvestite?

You found out that YOU were  
a transvestite?

—Bill Benson

"The brain is like a stomach;  
when it lacks food, it tends to  
digest itself." (M. Brenner)

:-: :-: :-:

The difference between a  
pessimist and an optimist is  
simply that an optimist says  
our government is the best in  
the world, while the pessimist is  
afraid he's right.

:-: :-: :-:

Cindy Olken, speaking for the  
Student Body, recently sent a  
message to Donny Epstein,  
Editor of the MDC: "Please  
cancel our subscription. Thank  
you."

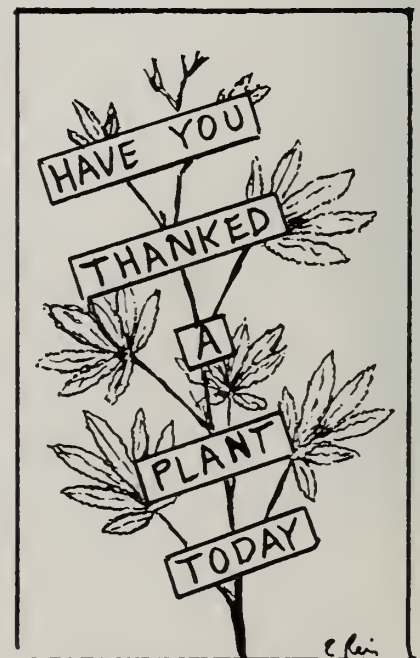
:-: :-: :-:



"OUR FATHER, WHO ART IN ..."

:-: :-: :-:

A resident of Chicopee recently  
broke two legs and an arm  
while raking leaves—he fell out  
of the tree!





USED CAR

# SALESMAN

AND  
HIS  
FRIENDS

SHHHH...

LIKE  
NEW

al  
Crapp

STARRING IN THIS ISSUE



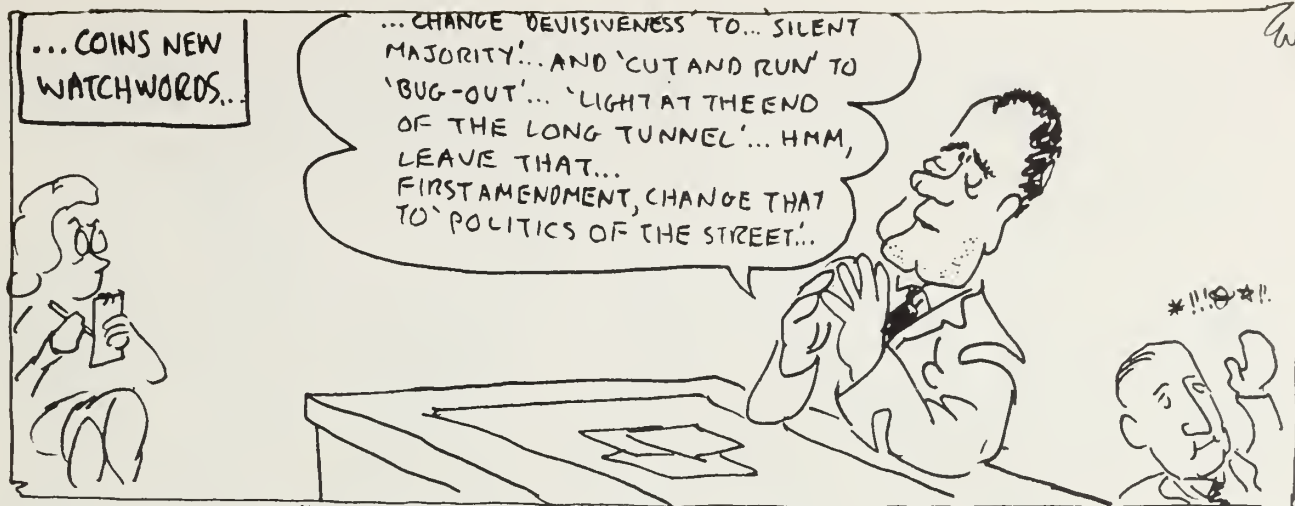


ONCE AGAIN BACK BY POPULAR DEMAND



★  
SEE HIM ON HIS OWN NETWORK SPECIALS  
CHECK YOUR LISTINGS  
★







MEAN WHILE AT EFFETE #!!!  
FOR PEACE HEADQUARTERS...



MEANWHILE, AT YOUR LOCAL POLICE  
STATION...



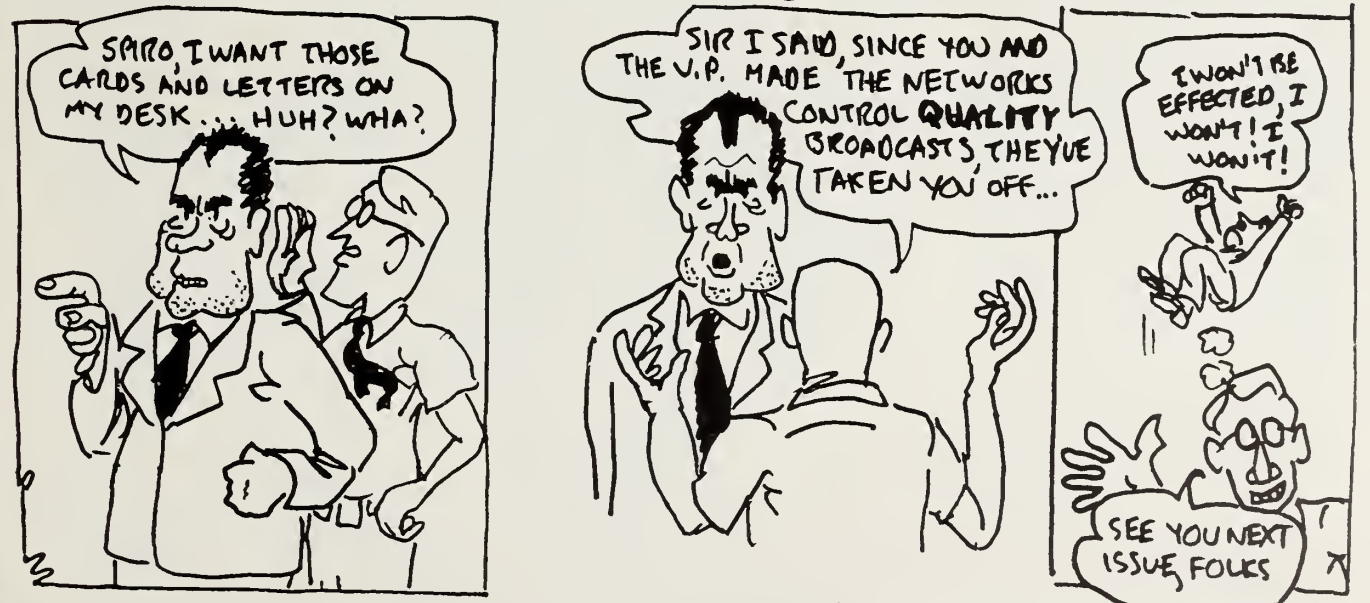
MEANWHILE... IN ANYTOWN, U.S.A.



MEANWHILE, AT THE WAR



\* Note the lack of violence  
in this panel...



...WHEN USED CAR  
**SALESMAN**  
 MEETS...

THE  
**SUPREME COURT**



## A Table

Once upon a time, Adam and Eve were walking through the Garden of Eden, checking all the animals to see if they had obeyed the Lord's commandment to be fruitful and multiply. And they saw two elephants followed by three tiny elephants. And they saw two cats followed by eight little cats. And they saw two robins in the sky followed by four small robins. And they saw two snakes all alone.

Adam was perturbed, and asked the snakes, "Why have you not obeyed our Master's command to be fruitful and multiply? Why are there only two of you?"

The snakes, very remorseful, replied, "We would like to follow the Lord's command but unfortunately we cannot multiply, for we are merely adder snakes."

And Adam walked away even more perturbed.

Several weeks later, Adam and Eve were again walking through the Garden of Eden, when they came upon a table made of rough-hewn lumber. And upon it were the two adder snakes, surrounded by several small snakes. And Adam was surprised, and asked, "How is it possible for you now to have obeyed the Lord's command, when you were unable to the last time I saw you?"

And the snakes replied, "Why even adders can multiply when placed on a log table."

—Larry Woods



## Defense Plans For Whitmore

### TOP SECRET

From: Martin Swieg, UMass Defense Coordinator

To: Oswald Tippo, Provost

Ozzie:

Me and my boys have been working on defense plans for FT. LEDERLE, and have come up with a workable plan, should the building be attacked by those radicals. Here it is.

Marty

1. In the case of small groups of radicals attacking at every entrance, the security force will let them enter, then lock the doors behind them. They can then be rounded up for interrogation at our leisure. No heavy defenses will have to be used.

2. In the case of larger groups attacking the entrances, the heavy defenses now being secretly built into the building will come into play. At the ramp entrance, we have installed a number of devices which will faze the rebels. You know, of course, about the machine guns hidden in the battlements. In addition to these, we now have two small flame throwers, a p.a. system, and a tear gas grenade launcher. At the present time, machinery is being installed which will raise the ramp, much like a drawbridge, and prevent anyone from entering. Similar precautions are being taken at the other doors.

3. Last-ditch kamikaze defenses. If the building is breached, you will have a switch in your office which will destroy the computer banks, Lederle's office, and will bring the roofs of all corridors down.

—Bob Connors





photo by LaBrecque

## Requiesat

by Roger Jones

The old man's bones were drawn out of the earth and shiny Cadillacs carried him to the mausoleum where those who would love him wept at his birth.

The formaldehyde was drained from his vessels and blood, especially set aside as his, shot into his body. This lifeless object then came to a hospital where the cells of his brain flickered and came alive. And he was born. Blood sailed through his body and he opened his eyes and was aware.

He was very sick, and by  
Yahoo Magazine January 1970

care, became well. His brittle bones limbered and muscles gained tone, and his brain gained knowledge and his hair grew dark. Wrinkled skin became smooth. His eyes were sharp.

The years cruised on and he toiled. Intelligence increased and pessimism faded into hopes of freedom.

He approached the last score of his years and his younger neuroses and prejudices became either exuberant joy or frustration. And older he grew and his body shrank.

Freer he became and the fantasies of his older times became play acting. His whole essence concentrated on joy and pain. It was joy and pain; great ecstatic orgasms of joy and pain. His mind was

seperate from the flesh and his flesh diminished still. Fantasy was at long last his being, after so many years of secret torment with realities.

And even that gave way to an ultimate hedonism where his tiny flesh and its comfort and warmth and nutrition was all that mattered any more. He was a total being.

Then he died, a shrieking, howling being inserted into a woman where his atoms were dispersed forever.

And everything was cheese.



(continued from page 12)

patch for seven years, I might one day get to keep it. I politely declined, explaining that if I ever went into farming it would be broccoli."

"Who comes next?", asked Valentino, cutting himself a piece of fruit cake.

"Priscilla. I met her at a wild fraternity party, playing pin the tail on the donkey. It was love at first sight. She had flowing blonde hair and a peaches and cream complexion. We left the part early and I took her to a movie and then out for a pizza. She never said much. She just kept looking at me all evening with a funny, lost kind of a look. Finally, walking her back to her dorm, she broke down and whispered something into my ear. "Irving," she said, "get lost." By the time I regained my composure, she had run ahead into her dorm. I never saw her again. I can't think of anything else to tell you. Have I given you enough?"

"Yes you have," Valentino replied, "and I have come to my conclusion. Having listened to you, you are, in my opinion . . ." He paused before continuing. "... sexually

frustrated."

Waters stood up angrily. "I could have told you that!"

"Calm down," said Valentino, comfortably, "don't worry. I'm going to get you back Priscilla. It's only a question of giving you the proper image. Up until now you've been on the defensive with women. What you have to do is learn to take the offensive. Just think of yourself as a wild, young stag darting through the forest."

"I'll try," said Waters, "but how do I begin?"

"Simple," said Valentino. "Dial Priscilla and tell her to come right over. Remember, don't ask her. Tell her. And don't worry. I'll be in back of you every second telling you what to say. Oh yes, she won't be able to see me or hear me. Only you will be able to do that."

"O.K.," said Waters, "I still can't think of any strong reason not to go along with you."

He stepped up to the phone, dialed the digits, and smiled dreamily when he heard the softness of her voice. He caught himself and became sinister. "Priscilla, this is Irving," he said, using his best Jack

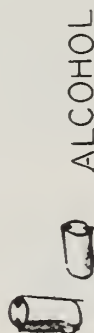
Palance voice, "come to my room. Now." He gently hung up and turned to Valentino. "How was I?" "Wonderful," Valentino remarked, "but first things first. Get this on right away." He handed him the headress. "Now hold my whip," he instructed, pulling it from his belt. "And of course," Valentino mumbled, slipping out of his pantaloons, "we musn't forget these." He tossed them to him. "Finally my cape," Valentino said, briskly unbuttoning it. He now stood in his polka-dot, flannel underwear. "When she gets here," Valentino said, walking to the curtains, "open these and tell her that the winter moon and stars melt before her presence."

"Got that," said Waters, buttoning up the pantaloons. "But just as an afterthought," he said looking up, "why couldn't you wear a 32 instead of a 38?" "Sorry," said Valentino.

There was a sudden knock on the door. Waters froze in a catatonic state. "Answer it!", bellowed Valentino. Pulling himself together, Waters swung

(continued on page 27)

PLAYING  
PIECES



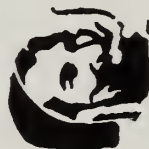
ALCOHOL

131 (II). ORGANIZED CAMPING.

2 class hours, 1 2-hour laboratory period.

Credit, 3.

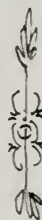
CREDITS



DOPE



HI GANG! HERE'S THE RULES!

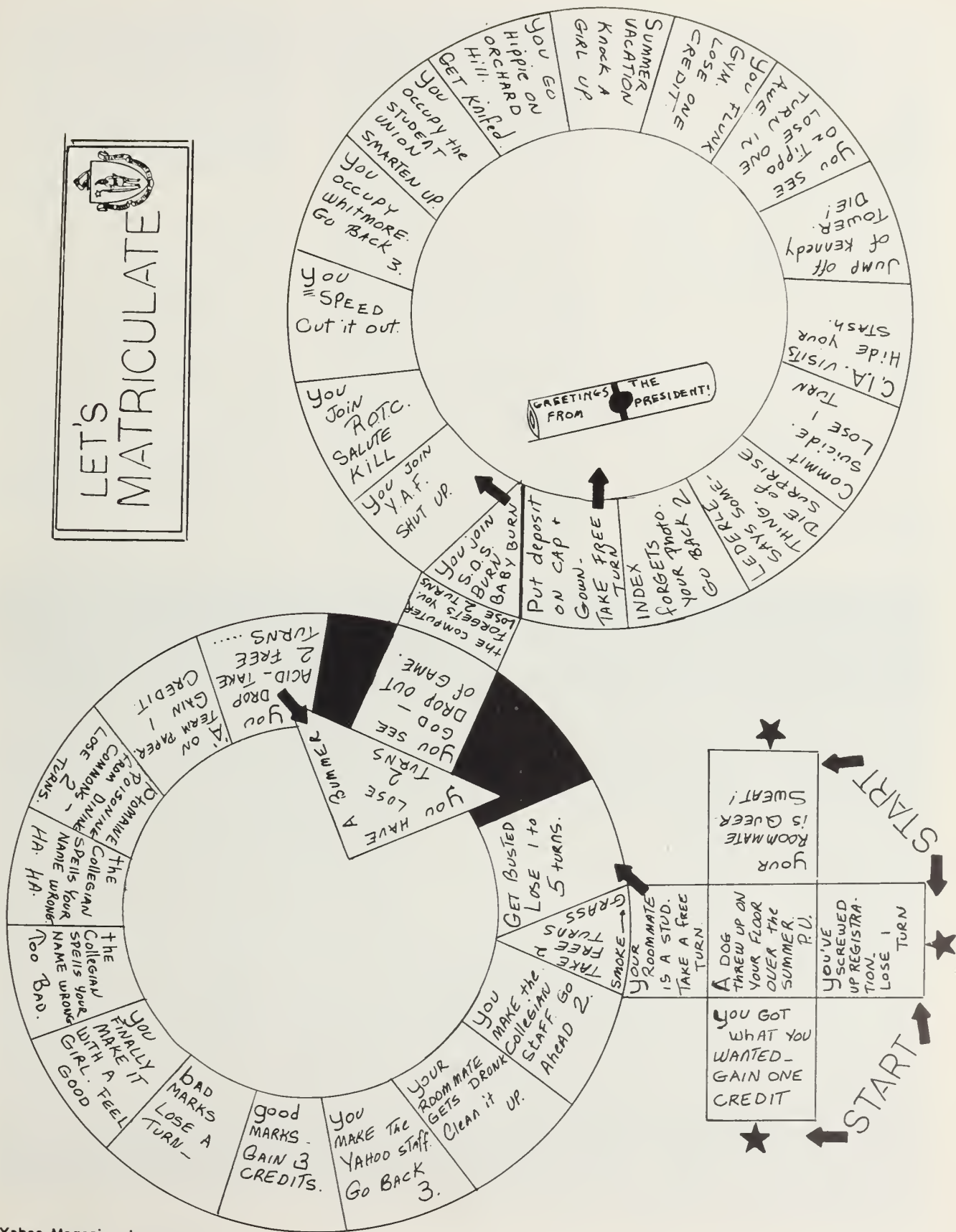


ROLL THE DICE, AND MOVE THAT  
NUMBER OF SPACES. FOLLOW THE  
DIRECTIONS ON EACH SQUARE.  
OBJECT OF THE GAME IS TO GET  
10 CREDITS AND GRADUATE. IF  
YOU FINISH THE BOARD WITH-  
OUT 10 CREDITS, START OVER.  
HAVE FUN!

by Bob Connors  
and Nick Costa.



# LET'S MATRICULATE



## *The Dangling Consternation*

At first, there is the tickling, flowing sensation that permeates the front of the face. Then, completely unaware of what is being done, a deep inhalation through the nose follows—the tickling persists, however. Suddenly a slight consciousness of what is happening develops. Our next reaction is to reach for a pocket, or a purse perhaps. But there is no handkerchief, for it has been forgotten. Ah yes. . . that magnificent piece of cloth—seventy square inches of soft, cuddly, absorbent fabric—sitting in the top drawer at home. . . smiling. Anxiety and frustration quickly vanish in lieu of the over-

powering effects of man's strongest emotion—panic. A hand is brought up to the eyebrow under the pretense of concentration. On its return to the lap the swiftness of the index finger almost disguises an obvious swipe at the basal section of the nasal section. Praised be the Lord for dungarees! The index finger very soon loses its effectiveness, however. Alternative methods are considered. Tearing off a piece of underwear hardly appears capable of avoiding attention. The temptation to sit still and nonchalantly allow mucus to crawl over the mouth and cover the shirt (while quietly reciting the Lord's prayer) is even less enticing. THE SHIRT! Cuffs! The Shirt has Cuffs! That's it!

The Professor notices that the period has ended and

promptly dismisses the class. He cannot prevent his attention from focusing on one particularly strange character who, with both hands cupped over his nose, leaves whistling a rather hideous rendition of "Green Sleeves."

—Mark Brenner



"I WONDER IF THE  
UNIVERSITY CAN GET  
WELFARE ASSISTANCE?"



photo by Darryl Robertson  
Yahoo Magazine January 1970



(continued from page 24)

the cape over his shoulders, fitted the headdress over his head, and rushed to the door.

"Come in," he said.

Priscilla gave him a quick glance. "Sorry," she said, "guess I have the wrong room."

"Move in," said Valentino, "don't let her get away. Take her from behind and usher her in."

"Of course you don't," said Waters, gracefully sliding his arm around her. "I'm just wearing my new outfit. Do you like it?" "I guess so," Priscilla answered hesitantly, popping her bubble gum. "But why did you call me here after what happened the other night?"

"The window," said Valentino, gesturing madly, "take her to the window!"

Waters silently took her and led her before it. "Priscilla," he said romantically, "the winter moon and stars melt before your presence." He debonairly opened the curtains. His face suddenly turned to horror as he gazed, helplessly, at the frost covering the glass. He whipped out her handkerchief and frantically tried wiping it off. It was on the outside.

"I'm getting out of here," she said.

"Quickly, Irving, do my dance," yelled Valentino, "enslave her with its sensual rhythm."

Waters casually put his hands into his pockets and began stomping. Without warning, he shifted his beat, his feet disappearing into a mad, whirlwind of fury. He savagely withdrew his whip and began lashing out at the walls in time to his pagan, animal rhythm. Reaching his moment of crescendo, he screamed and abruptly threw back his arms. His pantaloons fell to the floor.

Priscilla looked at him, absorbed in wonderment. "What are you?" she asked, "some kind of a nut?"

"Don't let her say that!", yelled Valentino, munching on a sandwich, "throw her on the floor and force her to submit to you!"

Waters sprung into action. "Get down before me, Priscilla," he said, rubbing his hands together ecstatically, "don't resist me. I am your master. If you do, I'll give you an abdominal stretch."

Priscilla nonchalantly took his hand, kicked his left foot in, and flipped him over her shoulder.

She looked down at him and smiled grimly. "I forgot to tell you, Irving, how last summer I got my blackbelt in judo." She continued looking at him. "Get lost."

As she stepped out of the room, Irving stood up and angrily faced Valentino. "I'm fed up," he yelled. "Through! All you've ever done for me is give me bad advice and eat my lunch. Get out of my room and my life. Now!"

"If you really feel that way," said Valentino, looking down at the floor, "but before I go, may I ask you how you intend to succeed with girls, with me gone?"

"Valentino," Waters said painfully, "I'm considering a monastery."

"Goodbye then," Valentino answered, stepping out the door.

Waters waved goodbye, flicked the switch on his tape recorder, and continued mumbling German. He suddenly turned around, hearing footsteps.

"Hello," said a voice, "my name is the Marquis de Sade, and I've been sent here to help you out with girls."



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CHEESEFISH COMIX...

# PART TWO



[illegible]

**This was a test. Had this been a real emergency, this magazine would have gone out of circulation, and you would have been told to read the Daily Hampshire Gazette. This has been a test.**



45/00/42

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